

# THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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WHOLE NUMBER 375

## The Portage Sentinel.

By Samuel D. Harris, Jr.

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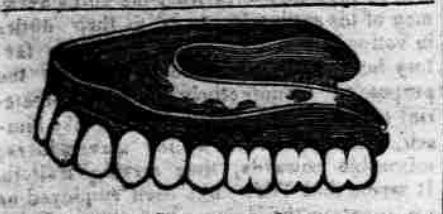
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May 3, 1852. 362

**HARDWARE.**  
W. M. FRAZER is receiving his summer stock of hardware, consisting of House trim, mill, hand edge Tools, table and pocket Cutlery, Saddlery, &c. Pottery, &c.  
Ravenna, June 15, 1852.

**COMBAGE MELODEON.**

THE subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the musical public to some new Melodeons which he is now manufacturing in this place, which for beauty of style, richness of tone and quality of tone, is not surpassed by any manufacturer in the country. They vary in size from \$1.00 to \$10.00. The \$1.00 and \$2.00 are made on a pillar representing a centre of side table. The \$3.00 and \$4.00 are in Piano form. Please call and judge for yourselves. All the above instruments are warranted. All kinds of reed instruments repaired at short notice and in good style. Accordions repaired and new reeds put in at 12 1/2 cts. each. Shop over Mr. Little's Bookstore.  
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**The Granite Statesman.**  
LIFE of General FRANK PIERCE, the Granite Statesman, with a biographical sketch of his life, from his birth to his death. Price 25 cts. only, for sale by  
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June 29, 1852.

## From the Louisville Democrat. The Bull and the Locomotive.

BY IVAN.

In a sort of sullen madness  
Bellowed he o'er the grassy plain—  
Half in anger, half in sadness,  
Tossed his bushy tail and mane  
Was he yet the meadow's monarch—  
Of the pasture still the king?  
And he raised his head so lordly—  
Gave his tail a wider swing.

Was he not acknowledged chieftain  
Of the horned droves of cattle?  
Was he not the tried and trusted  
In each bovine field of battle?  
Was he not the chief and chosen  
Of the milk kine's fairest queen?  
Was he not the admiration  
Of each bull calf on the green?

It was true, and well he knew it;  
Who his claim would dare dispute?  
Dearly, dearly should he rue it,  
Be he long or short-horned brute,  
What then, amidst this daring stranger,  
Who, with breath and smoke and flame,  
Spouting fear and breathing danger,  
Through the meadows rushing came?

True, the intruder's limbs were weighty,  
And he seemed a thing of might;  
True, he might be very dangerous  
If he showed a wish to fight;  
But he bowed too much and loudly  
To be willing for a jerk;  
And the bull repeated proudly:  
Biting dogs do never bark.

"And I'll swear by fair Europa,  
When the stranger comes again—  
Rushing through the verdant pasture,  
Streaming wild across the plain—  
I'll call my head to battle,  
Boldly cross the monster's track—  
Either we shall be gone cattle,  
Or we'll drive him, frightened, back!"

See! after the locomotive,  
Whirling o'er the fragrant mead,  
And heaving the very meadow  
Where beneath the gallant lead  
Stand the tawny horned crowd;  
Nought he heeds them, but the bell rings,  
And he whistles very loud.

From his pent up breast escaping,  
Shrieked the steam—a dismal cough;  
Frightened was the herd of bullocks,  
And they quailed and snickered off—  
All but one, and he, courageous,  
Naught but death can force to yield,  
He'll conquer, or as beef-steak,  
You shall hear him from the field.

There he stands, and waits the coming  
Of his foe, who draweth near;  
Roars he with triumphant fury,  
From a breast that knows no fear,  
Strike he down his noble foe,  
With considerable vim—  
But! he takes the locomotive,  
But! the locomotive him!

Need I tell who most did enrage—  
Need I speak the bullock's fate?  
Widowed cow, with ceaseless howling,  
Will the horrid tale relate,  
In the flashing of the lightning—  
In the twinkling of a thought—  
The chief of cow affection,  
By the cow-catcher was caught.

Set a farmer on the rail-car,  
Saw the bullock's fate—  
Saw him fall across the sleepers,  
Knew his gallant neck was broke,  
Saw his form in fragments lying—  
As he sadly gazed at him,  
Quoth he, "I admire your courage,  
But your prudence I condemn."

**MORAL.**  
Young men all, when you are angered—  
Deem a rival in your path—  
Find yourself forgotten, slighted,  
Think there's little time for wrath,  
If you are wise you'll grin and bear it,  
However vilely wronged you are;  
Never, on any provocation,  
But against a railroad car.

Go to WORK.—Some people are at a loss what they shall do with themselves. To dispose of themselves to the best advantage, they will take a nap. Nothing to do? Poor, lazy fellow! Nothing to do? What are you here for? What do you live for? Up, lazy bones, and to work! The world is alive—men are upon the run—things move by railway speed. We want you. There's a wheel to make—here a pile of wood to chop—there a field to plow—here some clothes to weave, barrels, hats, good-sticks, tables, pop guns, boots, fiddle-sticks, horse shoes, lightning-rods, all the machinery of domestic and literary life must be made and repaired to keep the world in motion. Up! or you will be run over! Up! be something; move your legs; go to work. "I will sharpen your ideas—you'll begin to live—the blood will begin to circulate—cash will come in. Don't sit there dozing, cooing life away in a kind of half dream. You'll wake up and find yourself dead one of these days, unless you stir about. Rouse up—strike high—shoot deep.—Bost. Transcript.

**MOMENTS OF MELODY.**—I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermit's cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from the sight, when, all on a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, and the willing choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, "like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes." The dews from a thousand pastures were gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death, fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world.—Hazlitt.

**Goop.**—A contemporary perpetrates the following, which is too good to be lost, at the expense of the Swedish Nightingale. JENNY LIND has concluded to quit the world of song and turn authoress! At last accounts, a contemporary in the east says, she was preparing a small edition of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature!"

## "How Much did it Weigh."

The Chicago Journal says this question has been asked a thousand times, and thousands of times has it been wondered at, and "I never."

And what commodity is it that is "great" at ten pounds, and a marvel at thirteen? Don't mind the Price Current, for it isn't there. It was a something bundled in a flannel blanket—the blanket securely pinned and knotted at the corners—the something is in an active state of "unrest" as the transcendentalists have it. The steelyards had been called into requisition, and its banded iron was indeed "hooks to hang a hope on." The little bundle was hung; the weight clicked along the bar. "That's the notch! Eight and a half!" Eight and a half of what? Why, of humanity. By the memory of Malthus, there's a baby in the blanket! So there is—a little voter, or if not that, as Shakespeare says, "a child." Something that may cut a figure in the world, break heads or hearts—have a great name, and be a man or woman. Eight pounds and a half of a hero or a heroine, a monster, or a minister. Piety and patriotism by the pound. Beauty and baseness by the blanketful. Queer measurement, isn't it, but there are queerer things.

Time wears on apace with us all, and the something in the blanket too. He is a boy of five. He stands erect as God made him, "that he may look," as a writer says, "upon the stars." They are talking again, but the steelyards hang undisturbed in the cellar-way. No use for them now. But they are talking, and we are listening. "Tall of his age—tall?" "He looks over the table like a man—the high chair was put away months ago."

Tall is he? Three feet and an inch high, and this is the altitude of humanity.—Weight is out of the question, estimates all run to height. Ambition is but another name for altitude, and success a synonym for getting higher. The boy is a man—the man climbs rostrums to get higher; Monuments go up; shouts go up; favorites go up to court; conquerors go up to glory. Height, height, every where height. Six feet of glory; six feet two of honor and dignity. Queer again don't you think so?

By and by—melancholy trio—the form is bent a little, and there goes an inch or two from stature. He or she is looking at some thing in the dust. What can it be? Surely it is not a grave they look at. Eyes grow dim, and they bend lower to see. To see? What can there be to be seen, I wonder?

By and by they weary, and throw themselves along the bosom of the dusky mother of us all. They sleep—sleep, but not dream. Where is your altitude now, your monuments and thrones? Men take up the sleeper, carefully, slowly, as if it were a treasure. And so it is—a treasure of dust. The old estimate is resumed—weight has come again; 'tis a dead weight'—nothing more.

And this would be queer, too, if only it were not dead.

But they are talking again. "She had three names—didn't she? Indeed, but I remember but two."

Remember but two they say? Names of what? Why, of all that weight and height of fame, and love, and hope, and fear, and thought and passion.

And two words—two breaths of air—two murmurs are all that is left of what was once a man, a woman.

Years elapse, and Age is talking again: "There was—was—I cannot remember the name now—well, it's what we are all coming to," and the old man sighs sadly.

The last syllable of all has died on the lip, is erased from memory, ripples on the still and listening air—is lost; not a murmur of it lingers in "the fearful hollow" of human ear. "Pah! how the dust flies!" Dust, do you say? Listen and we will whisper just a word: That dust was warm once, loved once, beauty once.

"Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away; O that the earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a world to expel the winter's flaw."

What more significant comment upon the vanity of royalty could be given, than Hamlet's next words? There is a meaning in them beyond speech!

"But soft! but soft! aside: Here comes the King." That dust again! There goes a King, may be.

**MERCANTILE QUESTIONS AND IRONICAL ANSWERS.**

Q. What is double entry?  
A. Charging the same thing twice.  
Q. What is single entry?  
A. Charging a man with goods, but not crediting the cash he pays for them.  
Q. What is book keeping?  
A. Forgetting to return borrowed volumes.

Q. What is a blotter?  
A. An editor.  
Q. What is a ledger?  
A. A counting house companion, upon which people often spend their entire fortune.

Q. What is a banker?  
A. The man that has the deal.  
Q. What is the business of a banker?  
A. Catching suckers.  
Q. What is an inland draft?  
A. An enterly wind.  
Q. What is a foreign draft?  
A. A glass of cognac.  
Q. What is a promissory note?  
A. Acceptance of an invitation.  
Q. What is a negotiable note?  
A. Don't know—never could make one.

**HOME.**—How sweet a thing is love of home. It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us—brought from another world to carry us on with joy through this. It attaches to the humblest heart that ever throbbeth.

## The Model Baby.

It never wants to be nursed when mamma has on her best dress that is made to fasten behind.

It wears but two clean frocks a week.—It has no objection, when lying on its back in the cradle, wide awake, to have a dozen flies walking over its little face in different directions, and doesn't get mad because it can't hit them in the right spot with its little fat, useless hands.

It never goes into fits when the large black cat jumps into the foot of the cradle, and stands whisking her tail round, and staring at it with her great green eyes.

It is not necessary for visitors who wish to tend it, to dress in oil-cloth or India-rubber, or to hold its hands to prevent their eyes from being clawed out.

It knows the difference between *Talencien* lace and *imitation*, and never lays profane fingers on the former.

If it is taken to the common by Peggy the nurse, and she meets John (as agreed upon) and puts the baby on the grass, whilst they "cast sheep's eyes," and make love, it never interrupts the thread of their discourse, though half an hour since it rolled over on its face—has been snuffed at by the dogs, and had a dozen blades of grass or more, tickling its nose all through that interesting period. Its patience is still intact, and its march homeward when Peggy, in a "brown study," lays it over her right shoulder, (it should have been over the left) quite unconscious that the sun is scorching its eyes out.

When it returns home, and visions of a "dewy" and "overflowing with milk" begin to float through its brain, and mamma is in the parlor with company in full dress, and can't think of being bored to nurse, and Peggy, still thinking of John, and loving her case as well as her betters, slyly administers a dose of papagoric—it resigns itself to its fate, without any signs of discontent whatever.

It is also enough of a Spartan to make no objection to being made a living pin-cushion, and never thinks of remonstrating, though the pin that has been working in its shoulder, ever since it was dressed in the morning remains undisturbed until it comes off with the dress at night.

Lastly—its crowning excellence is that it never wakes when papa comes to bed, but stays in the crib, until morning.

**FANNY FERN.**

**YANKEE ALL OVER.—EXPRESSIVE PATENTISM.**—A Canada paper tells the following story.

A gentleman who was travelling down on the St. Lawrence on one of the American boats, on the 4th of July, got into conversation with an old American who, from his grey locks and apparent age, might have taken part in the Revolution. The conversation gradually turned to the anniversary which is celebrated on the day in question, when it was remarked that the celebration of the 4th of July in the States, would be done away with. This apparently roused the octogenarian; raising himself to his full height, and turning to our acquaintance, he said:—"Now, mark me, stranger, but the first thing you'll hear read on the day of judgement, will be the Declaration of American Independence and that day will be on the 4th of July."

**THINK.—**Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper, another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom; the more you draw from it the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and use other people's thoughts, giving them utterance only, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come in lumps—homely or shapeless; but no matter—time and perseverance will arrange and refine them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write—the more you think, the better you express your ideas.

**RIGHT TO THE POINT.**—Almost any one can be courteous in a neighbor's house. If any thing goes wrong, or is out of place, or is even disagreeable, then it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt, that it is attributable to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy, but nature, in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic societies. A husband willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in a neighbor's house—and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family, as on set days to her guests—could not fail to make their own home happy.

**Cure for the Dysentery.**

A highly respected and aged correspondent of the Charleston Courier, furnishes that paper with the following recipe, which he says, never failed, under an observation of many years, to cure the worst cases of dysentery:

Take an equal quantity of good sweet molasses, olive oil and good West India Rum, stir together and simmer over the fire, stirring whilst simmering until the decoction is well incorporated together; then take it off the fire, but continue stirring until the mixture is quite cool. It is then ready for bottling or use. The dose for an adult, if the disease is very violent and the system much reduced is one tablespoonful three times a day—morning, noon, and night. If not very severe, twice a day, morning and night—and if the attack is slight, one spoonful taken at night, will have the desired effect. For children and young persons, in proportion to age; for infants a teaspoonful is sufficient. It is also a radical cure for summer complaint in children. If the disease should be checked too suddenly, so as to occasion costiveness, reduce the dose and use a little castor oil.

## MRS. PARTINGTON AND THE LATE ANNUARY.

The Carpet Bag gives Mrs. Partington's experience of the 5th, thus: "Isaac!" said Mrs. Partington, rapping on the window, as she saw the boy in the act of putting half a bunch of crackers into the pocket of a countryman who stood viewing the procession. The caution came too late and the individual was astonished! Isaac had stepped inside the door to await the explosion, and the old lady met him in the entry. "O, you spirit of mischief," cried she, "what will become of you if you go on in this way? Is this all your ideas of liberty and regeneration, that you must fill that poor man's pocket with your crackers! Do you suppose this was all that the days of 7 by 6 was made for? I should think you would be ashamed to look upon your uncle Paul's picture there, and hide your face in confusion, after behaving so! Ah!" she mused, "how different boys are now from what they used to be—so wild, so reckless and tricky!"—(crack) what's that? I should like to know who fired that! It was a great piece of impudence—(crack) "good gracious!" some body must be throwing 'em into the windows!" She ran to look out. Not a soul was near that could have done it. Crack! another explosion at her feet, and she looked round. Isaac sat demurely eating some gingerbread by the table, but said nothing; there was an expression about his mouth which looked torpid, and for a moment she mistrusted him, but he could not have it, he was so quiet, and shut the window that opened upon the street, to prevent their throwing in any more.

**MIRTH.**—It's something even to look upon enjoyment, so that it be free and wild, and in the face of nature, though it be the enjoyment of an idiot. It is something to know that heaven has left the capacity of gladness in such a creature's breast; it is something to be assured that, however lightly men may crush that faculty in their fellows, the great Creator of mankind imparts it even to his despised and slighted ones. Who would not rather see a poor idiot happy in the sunlight, than a wise man pining in jail? Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the everlasting book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in the sombre hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music, save when you drown it, is not in sighs and groans, but in songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million of voices in summer air, and find one dismal as your own. Remember, if you can, the sense of hope and pleasure which every grand return of day awakens in the breast of all your kind, who have not changed your nature, and learn wisdom even from the wildest, when their hearts are lifted up, they know not why, by all the mirth and happiness it brings.—Chas. Dickens.

**BLIND TO HIS OWN INTEREST.**—The St. Louis *Intelligencer* relates the following amusing incident:

One of Health's sprinkling wagons, used to dampen the streets of our city by water from a large reservoir, containing several hogheads, was proceeding slowly down Fourth street, engaged in the laudable task of flooring the dust, when the attention of a raw Hoosier was attracted toward the singular vehicle.

"Hullo, stranger," said he, addressing himself quite audibly to the driver, "you're losing all your water that!"

No answer was made by the person addressed.

"I say, old hoss," said the Hoosier, "you're losing your water right smart, that, I tell you, and I'll be dog-don't if your old tub won't be dry, next you know."

The driver was still silent, and the stranger again addressed him:

"Look here, you fool, don't you see that somethin's broke loose with your old cistern on wheels, and that all your water is leakin' out?"

Still the driver was silent, and the Hoosier turned away in disgust, saying:

"I'll allow that feller is a little the biggest fool I ever did see, but if he is so blind to his interest as to throw his labor away in that way, let him do it and be d—d."

**RE-APPEARANCE OF THE SEA SERPENT.**—It appears the sea serpent has turned up again, having lately been seen off Halifax, N. S., doubtless on his way to look after the interests of our fishermen. The Halifax *Colony* gives the following account of the visit of his snakehead:

"The monstrous 'critter' was seen by Mr. George Osborne, of Cow Bay, on Saturday, as he is willing to testify on oath. It was quite near to his boat, and is thus described by Mr. Osborne:—'It's head was exactly the shape of a serpent, and, being above water, appeared to be about five feet in length, by about seven in circumference, the body, which was principally under water, could not have been less than 60 or 70 feet in length.'"

The political leader in the July number of Blackwood, written probably by Alison, the Historian, relates the following curious anecdote, which strikingly illustrates a very remarkable feature in the character of Louis Napoleon:

"Prince Louis Napoleon, like his uncle, is very superstitious, and always carries an amulet, taken from the tomb of Charlemagne, on his person. He is known to have said in this country, long before he left it to accept the Presidency of the French Republic—'It may appear presumptuous in me to wear that amulet, but I have an inborn conviction in my mind that I am one day to be the ruler of France. When I am so, I shall first extinguish the license of the press in Paris and then attack England. I shall do so with regret, for I have been kindly received here, and it contains many of my best friends, but I must fulfill my mission, and carry out that which I know my uncle had most at heart—I owe that to his memory.' In pursuance of these views, he has just decreed 80,000 men to his army."

## Horrible Tragedy in Texas.

MURDERS AND SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER.—The Red Land Herald, published at San Augustine, Texas, of the 17th ult., gives the details of one of the most heart-rending tragedies we have ever been called upon to record.

It occurred a few days since in the Southern part of Shelby county. Aquilla and Jesse Ballard, (brothers,) were cultivating a plantation in partnership, and their feelings towards each other had always been of the most fraternal description. The whole family consisted of Aquilla Ballard, wife and child; Mrs. Kaynes (sister to Mrs. B.) and child, and Jesse W. Ballard.

On the 11th, (Sunday,) Aquilla Ballard rode over to his mother's, a distance of five miles, to sit up with a brother who was lying dangerously ill. Shortly after he left home his brother Jesse invited Mrs. Ballard to take a walk with him, saying he had a secret to tell her. A short distance down the road they stopped some time in deep and earnest conversation; Jesse exhibited considerable excitement. When they returned to the house Mrs. B. was pale and melancholy, and continued so doing the rest of the evening. Jesse Ballard, however, became unusually lively and spirited. The Monday morning following, Jesse inquired of a negro boy whether his gun was loaded properly. Having discharged and reloaded it he set it against the side of the house. Soon after he had another conference with Mrs. B., when the latter returned to house and told her sister that Jesse was going to kill the negro boy and then kill her, (Mrs. B.)

About this time Jesse called up to Clara, (Mrs. B.) to come to him, but she refused. He again, in a manner wild with frenzy, called to her and commanded her to come, saying he had something to tell her. Mrs. B. obeyed, approached him and threw her arms about his neck. Some words passed hurriedly between them, but what those words were will only be known at that day when all things will be brought to light. As he tore himself abruptly from her, she was heard to exclaim, "Oh Jesse, don't do it." Seizing his gun, he approached the kitchen, where the boy Nelson was, and asked him how he felt. The boy replied, "better, and would be able to work in the morning."

Jesse told him that he did not wish him to work any more, that he was going to kill him—and, suiting the action to the word, and telling the negro woman to get out of the way if she did not want to get hurt, he raised his gun and shot the negro dead. At the fire of the gun Mrs. K. caught up her child and ran out the opposite side of the house and hid in the top of a fallen tree. Mrs. Ballard also started to flee, but again returned to the house. After shooting the negro man, Jesse, with one hand on his head and the other holding his gun, turned rapidly on his heel four or five times, when coming to a halt he saw Mrs. Ballard passing through the gate on the opposite side of the house. He immediately pursued her, and within a few feet fired the second barrel, lodging the whole load in her back, several shot passing entirely through her body. She fell dead.

His next movement was to draw off one of his boots by her side, when suddenly turning, as if recollecting that both barrels of his gun were empty, he returned to the house, and procuring the only load of buck-shot left, he hurried off to a branch about 200 yards distant, when, having reloaded one of the barrels of his gun, he blew off nearly his entire head by placing the muzzle of his gun under his right jaw and touching the trigger with his toe.

**Ohio.**

The name, Ohio, is derived according to Rev. John Heckewelder, a well known missionary among the Indians before the settlement of the Ohio valley from the Indian words: OHIOKEE, very white (caused by froth or white caps on the water.) OUI-PHANNE, very white stream; OHIOKEE-HANNE, very deep and white stream, (from its being covered all over with white caps.) All of these phrases were used according to circumstances required. The early traders, with more eye to business, than ear for the descriptive, abbreviated them into "Ohio" and "Hio" for short. Since then the name has become naturalized, and now designates the third state in the American Union, and as noble a river graces the world.—Herald.

**STATISTICS OF LIBERIA.**—The Missionary Magazine for July, among other statistics of Liberia, states the inhabitants at 300,000; among whom 7,000 may be regarded as civilized. There are more than 2,000 communicants in the Christian churches; more than 1,500 children in the Sabbath schools, and 1,200 in day schools. Communicants in the missions on the Gold Coast, about 10,000. Attendants at day schools in the same, about 11,000. Funds have been raised in the United States for education to the amount of \$50,000.

**The Candy Story Beat.**

Some whirling writing over the signature of "A Scott Democrat" in lauding Gen. Scott, says:

I remember on the day after he arrived in Tambo he was by invitation to dine with Major Gen. Patterson. His orderly was called, and a dollar given him to go into the city and purchase a shaving brush. It was brought and the orderly gave the brush, with change into the hands of Gen. Scott. The General expressed himself well pleased, and returning the change to the orderly, he remarked: "As the troops have not lately been paid off, you can perhaps find use for this." The amount was not large, to be sure; but the manner and tone of voice in which it was given made the recipient feel grateful and proud. He the writer of this went forthwith to the bank and there in a bottle of claret, drank long life and happiness to Gen. Winfield Scott!

This put the candy story entirely in the back ground.

## Dangers of Electing an Incompetent Man President.

THE GALPHIN CASE!

Facts for the People of both Parties.

It is the argument of our foes, constantly proclaimed, as it was the prophecy of those who first opposed the establishment of a republic on this continent, that if ever free institutions perished on these shores, it would be by the corruption of our statesmen, the lavish expensures of our Government, and the absence of all restraint upon the agents of the people. Many wise men and great at this day remember the prophecy as a warning; and while, in their own lives, they give daily evidence of purity and integrity worthy of the Roman era, when virtue ruled the State, they exhort the Republic to beware of the dangers that menace and surround it. The most trying experiment that can be made in this country, is to elect incompetent men to the presidential station, because, from such a calamity must flow the appointment of unscrupulous and irresponsible politicians, who, safe from the intelligent and fearless scrutiny of an experienced, sagacious, and patriotic Chief Magistrate, will indulge in their own selfish desires, and plunder with a high hand where they should be guardians and protectors.

When General Taylor was chosen President, in a burst of national gratitude for his victories in Mexico, the best men in the nation predicted the worst consequences from an administration which could not be more than a regency. Indeed, the gallant Taylor himself proclaimed his inexperience, and his incapacity in advance, and side by side with